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MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S Classes will be resumed on Wednesday, January 29, at 7.45 p.m., and Thursday, January 30, at 11.15 a.m. The subjects in both will be Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," in Ralph Robynson's translation, and Robert Browning's poem "La Saisiaz." Miss Drewry reads with private pupils.—143, King Henry's-road, N.W.

OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the *Publisher* not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church is in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

SUNDAY, January 12.

LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. H. N. CALEY.
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. G. CRESSEY, D.D.
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. E. DAPLYN.
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. F. K. FREESTON.
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11, Rev. J. A. PEARSON; 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. F. G. BARRETT-AYLES; 6.30, Mr. STANLEY MOSSOP.
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7.
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. SIMON JONES.
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH; 6.30, Rev. J. A. PEARSON.
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS.
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. C. ROPER, B.A.
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Mr. A. STEPHEN NOEL.
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DOUGLAS W. ROBSON, B.D.
 Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. A. J. HEALE; 6.30, Mr. F. G. BARRETT-AYLES.
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. TIMMIS.
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. Wm. LEE, B.A.
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. J. WILSON.
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.
 BOLTON, Halliwell-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, M.A.

BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS.
 BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Churchgate-street, 11 and 6.45, Rev. GEORGE WARD.
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.
 {DEAN Row, 10.45 and
 {STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.
 GEE CROSS, 11, Rev. F. H. VAUGHAN; 6.30, Rev. H. E. DOWSON.
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. S. LANG BUCKLAND.
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER, B.A.
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. I. FRIPP.
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES CRADDOCK.
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11, Rev. J. C. ODGERS, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. E. S. RUSSELL, B.A.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES PEACH.
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE, M.A.
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Higher-terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. B. STALLWORTHY.
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Free Religious Fellowship, Collins-street, 11 and 7, Rev. F. SINCLAIRE, M.A.

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BIRTH.

WEISS.—On January 7, at 30, Brunswiek-road, Withington, Manchester, to F. E. and E. S. Weiss, a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

FORDHAM—BARLOW.—On January 4, at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington Gore, by the Rev. H. B. Coward, Vicar, William Herbert Fordham, of Mura Szerdahely, Hungary, second son of Sir H. George Fordham, of Odsey, to Eleanor Sibthorpe, only child of Mrs. H. Sibthorpe Barlow, of 75, Cornwall-gardens, Kensington, S.W.

DEATHS.

CHANCELLOR.—On January 7, at Hillsborough, Crescent-road, Hornsey, N., Desmond Noel second son of H. G. Chancellor, M.P., aged 17 years.

LISTER.—On January 4, at the Upper Heath, Hampstead, Isaac Solly Lister, in his 81st year. Service at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, at 11.30 on Wednesday, January 8, previous to cremation at Golder's Green, at 12.30. No flowers.

WARBURTON.—On January 4, at Allonby, Thomas, the beloved husband of Elizabeth Ann Warburton, of Daisy Villa, Park-road, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.

THE INQUIRER.

A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

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* * All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE discussion of education is always with us, but it is in some respects a seasonal pursuit. Conferences on the subject have become one of the staple interests of the Christmas holidays. The Conference of Educational Associations, which has been in session at the University of London during the past week, is a sort of clearing house for unsettled problems, and helps to focus public opinion upon matters which are debated keenly among teachers themselves. The Principal of the University in his welcome to the delegates on Monday uttered a needful warning against the dangers of specialisation. He pointed out that it was becoming increasingly difficult for specialists in different branches of knowledge to understand one another, as they had no common language. In science the specialist was almost unintelligible to the rest of the world. There was a similar danger in education from the use of special terms. He urged that educational specialists should welcome the opportunity of expressing large principles in simple language.

* * *

ONE of the chief discussions of the Conference was opened by Mr. M. E. Sadler on the subject, "Should Teachers be Civil Servants?" While recognising the strength of the movement in favour of State recognition, he expressed himself as adverse to the proposal. In view of his wide acquaintance with education on the Continent his plea that education under State control is usually sterile in new ideas, is one that must be weighed very

carefully. He pointed out the danger that individual experiment would be sacrificed to efficient machinery and uniformity of type achieved at the expense of liberty and real progress in education. Dr. Sophie Bryant followed on the same lines. She was averse to condemning teachers to "that place of silence and discretion," the Civil Service, though she admitted that there are a good many teachers "who would benefit from a period of silence in the Civil Service."

* * *

THE returns of the export trade of the United Kingdom, which were issued by the Board of Trade this week, are so colossal as to stagger the imagination. The increase over the trade of 1911 amounted to nearly £107,000,000; and it is calculated that the net profit on twelve months of oversea trade is at least £257,000,000. In view of figures like this the problem of degrading poverty becomes more urgent than ever and the profits of sweated labour more shameful. The mere growth of wealth is in itself small matter for congratulation unless it means a fairly equal distribution of the increased means of happiness and well-being through all sections of society.

* * *

SOME information has lately come under our notice concerning the wages and conditions of employment of the waitresses in tea-shops in London and other prosperous cities. In London alone a whole army of girls is employed in this way to cater for the comfort of the public at a rate of remuneration which is said to be shamefully inadequate. It is a comparatively new form of industry and there is hardly any control from the side of public opinion. We should like to suggest that there is urgent need for inquiry and statistical

information. Will some committee of ladies undertake this work and let us know what the facts really are, extenuating nothing and setting down nought in malice? The growth of luxurious habits of living always tends to create a class of underpaid victims. Do the girls of our London tea-shops belong to this class? We have a strong suspicion that they do; and that it is one of our urgent duties to find a remedy.

* * *

A VERY disquieting article on the Opium Problem in China from the pen of Mrs. Archibald Little appeared in the *Daily News and Leader* on Wednesday. Leaving all consideration of our Indian Revenue and of technical treaty rights out of the question the facts as she presents them are these. China is making a great effort to throw off her national vice and refuses to accept the imports of opium which we send to her. She declines to pay for the weapon of her own destruction, and our Indian export trade backed by our Government insists that she must do so. The opium which is imported in large quantities to Shanghai is being held up by the Chinese authorities, and the financial position is becoming very serious. "We cannot really take to opium smoking again to oblige England," a leading Chinese statesman told Mrs. Little a few weeks ago. The result apparently is that we are losing our reputation. England appears as the patron of a hateful vice in Chinese eyes, and Englishmen are being less and less considered in the industrial life of the country. It is possible that in postponing the higher claims of international morality to financial interests we may in the long run only inflict serious loss upon ourselves.

* * *

SIR HENRY ROSCOE celebrated his eightieth birthday on Tuesday and was

the recipient of a congratulatory address from his old students, including many of the most distinguished chemists in the country. Manchester University with its teeming intellectual life is the best memorial of his activity, for he was one of the small band of eminent men who laid the strong foundations upon which a new generation has built. As a teacher Sir Henry Roscoe had the gift of inspiring ardour for his subject, and the still rarer gift of kindling intellectual imagination in a community devoted to commercial pursuits and making it conscious of the debt of industry to science. The bearer of an honoured name he has increased its renown by his work as one of the pioneers of modern chemistry, and perhaps still more by the largeness of character and the breadth of mind with which he has served the cause of education in public life.

* * *

THE unveiling of a memorial tablet to Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the Unitarian Church at Shrewsbury on Tuesday was the occasion of an interesting ceremony, in which the chief parts were assigned to Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge and the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed. If Coleridge is ever likely to suffer from lack of appreciation it is because he has the secure position of a classic and neither our praise nor our blame can affect his intrinsic greatness. In the realm of religious thought we are all his debtors, and Mr. Wicksteed did well to emphasise that side of his influence. The systematic framework into which he tried to fit his religion may fall to pieces. But his flashes of religious insight, in their way as great and illuminating as anything he achieved in poetry, killed mechanical theology and liberated forces in the heart of Christianity which are still helping to fashion our loftiest spiritual ideals.

* * *

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE was ninety last Tuesday. He still talks and writes with unimpaired mental agility, and retains the power of adaptation to his surroundings, the scientific meaning of which through all the realms of life he was one of the first to expound. He is at work on a new book on "Social Evolution and Moral Progress." The title is very significant. It is the science of life in spiritual beings that interests him most deeply, and the vision of a social order of higher moral relationships which kindles his imagination. Like Ruskin he has discovered that there can be no true science or art for an elect few, while the needs of the mass are unsatisfied and its wrongs without remedy; and so he has turned to the severe and generous task of formulating the laws of life as a message of happiness and asking for their confirmation from the best instincts of millions of men.

ARE WE BETTER THAN OUR FATHERS?

THE present generation is not at all in the mood of ELIJAH. It spends a great deal of time in magazines and the daily press in congratulating itself that it is certainly better than its fathers. The young myrmidons of criticism hold up mid-Victorian poetry to scorn and hail the versifiers of the new day. The whole brood of new philosophers proclaim the recent recovery of faith from mortal sickness, because they have discovered a prophet in the land. The rising generation in Fleet-street dins it into our ears, lest the interesting chronological fact should escape our notice, that we live in the twentieth century and may well pay our tribute of pity to the dulness and poverty of even thirty years ago. Yes, if confident assertion and abounding self-complacency can prove the case, we are without doubt much better than our fathers.

It is probable that a mood of this kind is better for us than the temper of plaintive retrospect. It is full of energy and self-confidence. It forges ahead with little regard to obstacles, untrammelled by the chastening wisdom which comes with a real knowledge of the glories and failures of the past. But sometimes as we are carried along in this exhilarating race of self-congratulation we are brought up full-stop with the question, Is it true? Is this view of the immediate past which ministers to the vanity of the rising generation the right one? Were our fathers really as dull as they are painted? Do those Victorian days deserve the pity which is showered upon them? Was religion fast bound in the toils of scientific materialism till BERGSON suddenly appeared as a new Perseus to rescue it from the jaws of death? Were there no great men in Israel 30 years ago to fight the battles of the LORD and die for their ideals, as the rising generation imagines itself eager to do, though the dying might be rather a difficult business while trade is booming so loudly?

We cannot get rid of these inconvenient questions. They go with us on our lonely walks. They haunt us in our dreams. And they came thronging into the mind when we read an article in our contemporary the *Nation* the other day. It was an article on the very interesting and

pertinent question, "Can we still be Christians?" and it moved along in a tone of high confidence and hope, with which we are in complete accord. But the writer seems incapable of emphasising the grounds of religious re-assurance in the most serious thinking of our own day without drawing a rather fantastic picture of the irreligion of a generation ago. The fact that BERGSON and EUCKEN and Professor JAMES WARD are prepared to adopt a definitely religious conception of the world is undoubtedly of immense value for the conserving and progress of religion. "Whether we look at Germany, France, or this country," this writer says, "we see that at the present time much that is highest and most illustrious in the thinking world is on the side of religious belief." Here we are heartily with him. But he goes on to say, "This is a great change from the state of mind existing 30 years ago." Does he mean to imply that at the date when the middle-aged men of to-day were at college there was little serious thinking on the side of religious belief, or that there were no illustrious teachers devoting themselves to the championship of a spiritual faith? If so we can only say that we are in profound disagreement with him, and we believe that this spirit of subtle depreciation of what our fathers have done for us can be of scant service to religion, simply because it is not true to the facts. The battle of faith was not lost 30 years ago, and it is not won to-day. The spirit of scientific materialism was not triumphant then, and it is not beaten now. We are simply at another stage of the same struggle, which can never cease while men are subject to material conditions and walk by faith not by sight.

There is, we believe, a special obligation resting upon us at the present time to pay our debts of honour to our immediate past. We remember the great days of DARWIN and HUXLEY. In the crucible of that mighty labour of scientific experiment and research many of the problems of religion were recreated. Through the long patience and scrupulous veracity of their methods society gained a new element of wholesomeness and moral savour. We remember the pioneers of historical criticism and the company of able men who followed in their train, and we recognise the greatness of our debt to the lines of study which they laid down with so firm a hand, to the vast additions which they have made to the sum of human knowledge, even to those of their

experiments in historical reconstruction which have failed and passed away. If the vision of a renovated Christianity is emerging from the dust of controversy and we are able to answer the question, "Can we still be Christians?" with a confident affirmative, we owe it far less to our own gifts or cleverness than to the gains which they have won for us and the lessons which they have taught us. And we remember the intellectual combats when the spiritual theism of Martineau crossed swords with the scientific materialism of TYNDALL, or the spirit of HEGEL found a new home in Oxford and rescued Christianity from the grave-clothes of mediæval dogma for the high tasks of thought and social redemption. We do little honour to our contemporary thinkers when we deprive them of their ancestry. They are in no sense lonely portents. The words are as true of the teacher of wisdom as of the apostle of grace, "What have I that I have not received?"

To the question "Are we better than our fathers?" unless we are taking very long views, only one reply is possible. It is the answer of pure agnosticism. We do not know, and it does not concern us to know. History is a very ruthless censor of our contemporary judgments. It frustrates any attempt to compare ourselves with our immediate past, and it places its ban equally upon the temper of self-complacency and the spirit of retrospective depreciation. But it is possible for the children of the twentieth century to emulate their fathers of the Victorian age and to try to be worthy of them by surpassing them in faith and virtue. They have left a great memory behind them for our help and guidance; but we cannot associate with greatness in any form, or even be conscious of its presence, till we empty our hearts of vanity and are willing to accept a great deal of the wisdom of life from those who have gone before us, even from our fathers in the flesh and the spirit, the despised mid-Victorians.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers in London to the third Lindsey Hall Lecture which will be given next Thursday, January 16, at 8.30, by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed on "Theology and Philosophy." The remaining lectures of the course will be as follows:—February 13, the Rev. Principal Carpenter on "Christianity and Comparative Religion," and the Rev. J. Moffatt, D.D., of Mansfield College, Oxford, on "The Higher Naturalist."

LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

AMERICAN-INDIAN RELIGION.

WHEN, some few decades ago, a book appeared under the arresting title "Shall we know one another?" and above the signature of a popular and revered Anglican divine, it received considerable attention and comment. Its well-meant endeavour was to re-assure doubting persons upon the survival of personality after death and the certainty of family and friendly recognition, for the faithful, in a very happy heaven very happily situated above the bright blue sky. The book, we read, assured many and bestowed on them the largess of comfort and consolation.

The faithful, as we have noted, were to know one another in a heaven afar off, a heaven of the future. To know one another, here and now, were, perhaps, of greater immediate importance and even of greater hopefulness. If "the Kingdom of heaven is within," the knowledge of men, of the frames enshrining that Kingdom, must be of inestimable value.

Misunderstanding has been the bane of all the ages of humanity, the dark spot on the historic record. Nowhere, perhaps, has misunderstanding been more harmful than in the realm of religion. Half-truths have been disseminated and accepted. Untruths have triumphed. Men of one race have reported, and their reports have recorded "facts" concerning the religious rules and rights of another race which careful investigation has disproved. These alleged "facts" have justly become labelled fictions, but, alas! they have penetrated into many minds, and eradication is a painful, even when possible, process. Thus misunderstanding, sometimes really believed in, sometimes wilfully accentuated, requires hard labour in the killing.

Happily, when man knows man, he learns to appreciate rather than suspect or despise. To become acquainted and intimate is to tread the way to fraternity. It is, therefore, wise and well for us who joy in being British and Christian to discover points in persons of other nationalities and creeds which seem, and most probably are, good to them and for them. These points will prove that the eternal mind of man beats in time and tune with that of the eternal Father of men. They will, at least, go far to show that much that is fundamental in one profession of faith is fundamental in all.

To tell the tale of man is to tell the tale of humanity. The narration of religion finely accentuates the proverb, "History repeats itself." In "man," then, and

in "men," we find, when we seek, the pearl of great price, the symbol of inalienable and eternal sonship. The law of the life everlasting uprises in the universal soul, and he who steadfastly climbs the God-ward ascent, grows, as he climbs, into that love of God which embraces, because it is part of, the love of all the sons of God. He becomes an initiate, a fellow in fraternity. It is borne in upon him, as an incontrovertible truth, that the worth of each people, the value of each individual, is necessary to any right estimate of the value and the worth of all. The nearer he reaches the altitude of his goal, the clearer his vision sees things as they are. Insight and outlook arrive at a proper proportion. What, perhaps, he formerly despised he now admires. That for which he had but small respect he now reverences. We, ourselves, maybe, have subscribed to the theory that the religion of the Red Indian had in it little or nothing which might commend it to the serious study of good Christian folk. That we should discover something of joy and gladness, something of mutual aspiration and realisation in the Red Man's search for God may never have occurred to many among us. Have we not, rather, hugged ourselves closely in the consolations afforded by Christianity and lumped the "heathen" all alike together as densely, dismally blind? We have, at any rate, accused them of bowing down, because of that blindness, to wood and stone; forgetting, or ignoring, our own innumerable idols.

An Indian, Ohiyesa, has arisen for our enlightenment. Writing on "The Soul of the Indian"* he arrests us immediately by his foreword. Quoting from "the great Seneca orator, Red Jacket," he says: "We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united, and to love one another. We never quarrel about religion." Ohiyesa (Mr. Charles Alexander Eastman) fascinates as well as teaches. His book carries one from start to finish with eagerness of desire and fulfilment. His attempt to paint the religious life of the typical American Indian is crowned with good success. He depicts his brethren as they were, in the religious sense, before they knew the white man. Of that sense, through this book, we learn much, and nothing in our new knowledge is more beautiful than the American Indian's fine and firm belief in the immanence and transcendence of deity. The Eternal surrounded and embraced him. He stood erect, conscious of his divinity, a Son of God. Silently, solitarily, he adored the Great Mystery of being. His faith required no creed. He was unhampered by preaching, proselytising or persecution. He counted no scoffers or atheists among his people. Nature's temples were his only shrines. "He would deem it sacrilege to build a house for Him Who may be met face to face in the mysterious, shadowy aisles of the primeval forest." Ohiyesa describes his ancestors' communion with the Unseen as "consciousness of the divine." Words mean much or little; the native word here used, and thus translated, is *bambe-*

* Constable, London.

day. This word comprises a great deal. It notes, for example, what Ohiyesa, Mr. Eastman, speaks of as an epoch in the life of the Indian youth comparable with conversion or confirmation. The youth, having first prepared himself by the purifying vapour-bath, sought out the noblest height in the region. Humble, he wore no clothing but mocassins and breech-clout. At the solemn hour of sunrise or sunset, he took up his position unadorned, erect, silent, still. There he stood, facing the Great Mystery, alone, enduring "the elements and forces of His arming, for a night and a day to two days and nights, but rarely longer." There, he saw the vision, but of it he did not speak, unless it comprehended some commission which must be publicly fulfilled. Something inspiring, something ennobling, must have surrounded this beginning of life for the lad. He was taught, by precept and by example, to forego strife for riches, to despise luxury, and to share the fruits of his skill and success with those of his brethren who were less fortunate than himself. Surfeit and lust were dreaded as the pestilence was dreaded. The rites of his worship were "wholly symbolic, and the Indian no more worshipped the sun than the Christian adores the Cross." His feeling toward his brethren of the animal kingdom is very effectively set down. He "loved to come into sympathy and spiritual communion" with them. Their "inarticulate souls had for him something of the sinless purity that we attribute to the innocent and irresponsible child." He had faith in their instinct. He "humbly accepted the supposedly voluntary sacrifice of their bodies to save his own." He paid homage to their spirits. He saw miracles everywhere, in the seed, in the egg, in that death that came, sudden, through the lightning-flash. "The virgin birth would appear scarcely more miraculous than is the birth of every child." The Indian was a religious man from his mother's womb. His mother's meditations and devotion instilled into his unborn soul the love of the Great Mystery and the sense of brotherhood with all creation. The birth of her child was "her holiest duty." Her ordeal was met alone, in that solitude when all nature spoke to her spirit of Love that fulfilled Life. She inculcated "silence, love, reverence, that is the trinity of first lessons; and to these she adds, later, generosity, courage and chastity." The boy learned the attitude of prayer. At eight, or thereabout, the father taught him other and manly occupations. Always he heard of, and adhered to, respect for parents, reverence for grandparents, love for both. Courtesy was a necessity, as much a duty as the constant recognition of the Unseen and Eternal. "His daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food." He bathed at daybreak, seeking the water's edge. Then, facing the dawning sun, he offered his "unspoken orison." "Each soul must meet the morning sun, the new, sweet earth, and the Great Silence, alone!"

Hospitality was enjoined upon him and he practised it. "If an enemy should honour us with a call, his trust will not be misplaced. Our honour is the guarantee for his safety, so long as he is within the camp."

Ohiyesa gives us much to pause upon. He shows that we have much to rectify. We have, at best, only touched, here and there, points which he has raised with delightful frankness. He writes in English as delightful, with a poetic sense of the fitness of words. He invests us with the atmosphere that lies round about his people, and we gratefully acknowledge that some sense of their ancient grace, some shadow of their religious form, has come to us because of his dear desire and its graphic development. We have seen, through his agency, that he and his are of one family and one Fatherhood. "So much," he says, "as has been written by strangers of our ancient faith and worship, treats it chiefly as matter of curiosity, I should like to emphasise its universal quality, its personal appeal."

ERIC HAMMOND.

LIFE TAKING A NEW TURN.

AMONG the numerous volumes issued week by week from the press, not many reveal the heart of the writer so frankly, so intimately, as Mr. A. C. Benson's last work.* This is a book for quiet hours. It is especially a book for the afflicted. For the author himself has been in the depths. The waves have passed over him. He has known the desolateness of a soul without light, without hope. For over two years he suffered the intense misery of a mind diseased with neurasthenia, hypochondria, and melancholia. And now that he has emerged and is whole again, he faces the question, what was the gain, the significance of such an experience. He permits us to see what it has taught him. Being of the nature of a confession, and involving the laying bare of so much of his inner life, the book could only be written from a solemn sense of duty, and from the noble desire to be of service to others. One comes to it naturally with revering sympathy, and cannot but receive help and strength from its perusal. We learn that the outcome of his bitter trial was such that it gave a new turn to his life, provided him with a new scale of values, set him in a new attitude. It brought about a kind of conversion. Like all others who have passed through this psychological revolution, he looks back upon his past life and work, unblameable as it might seem to others and even praiseworthy, with dissatisfaction. He now earnestly desires to turn his back upon the life of views and sunsets and solitary dreams. He had formerly tried to arrange his life for himself, not accept the decrees and vows made for him. He had sought to live a romantic existence, isolated from mankind within limits, and fed upon poetic emotions. He singles out for rebuke one of his most beautiful books "Beside still Waters," which a critic heralded as consolidating his attitude in life and giving full expression to his mellow and contented philosophy. He has learnt that the motive of that book so far

as it implied a desire for seclusion from one's fellows was wrong. His present desire is to get nearer to his fellows. In passages of haunting beauty he relates how out of his darkness came the revelation of his own soul, a something different from the body, or from the mind, or even the moral nature. Something far more real, more permanent, more eternal. And with it came a new sense of God, and the will to surrender himself to His guidance. And with it came also the desire for closer contact with the reality in his fellowmen, a willingness to share their suffering and sorrow. He sees that the days wherein God chastised him were necessary for him. He acquiesces in the darkness that blighted his brain. It enabled him to detach himself from the sense of possession, from the desire for distinction, from the thousand ambitions that beset the life of culture and make it so hard for its votaries to enter the kingdom of heaven. No longer may he shirk the ruggedness, and turn life into a weak artistry, a thing of tones and values, a nosegay to delight the sense. His relations to nature, to fellow-pilgrims of the infinite, to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, are all changed. His estimate of the worth of intellectual formulæ and the sober conventions is revised. But now less than before would he pose as a critic and censor. His temper is toward acquiescence, acceptance, tolerance. "What then of the sin and evil that were here, the perversity, the shameful delays, the ugly hoardings, the hard indifferences that had darkened my days, and would continue to darken them for all my visions? . . . If He permitted them, could not I permit them, and all the more, if He gave me the desire to end them? If He did not make an end of them, must they not, in some way which I could not even dimly guess, be worth while? Was not the conquest somehow worth more than passionless, inactive good?"

He reads the gospels anew, and finds there a confirmation of his intuitions. The very temper, attitude, atmosphere of thought which he had freshly gained seemed to be commanded there. So he takes up the burden of life with a new vividness of interest and a new will to live. "I have, however feebly, lived, since I saw the light, in a different frame of mind; I have tried to be peaceful, quiet, forbearing; I have tried to meet all men and women as brothers and sisters, indeed, in the great family of God; I have tried to give rather than to hoard; I have tried to speak peace and to practice it."

Over the whole message lies the soft light of this rediscovered faith, and throughout the accent of the power of the endless life is heard. The author has won a belief that each single incident or experience, small or great, whether it be innocent joy and brave enterprise, whether it be sad patience or dreary endurance, whether it be sin or shame, weaves and resolves itself at last into the heavenly harmony. God has already justified His heaviest blows, His cruellest stripes. In the future he offers unconditional surrender. That is ever the last word of faith.

J. T. D.

* Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 6s. net.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BIDDLE.

SIR,—The very interesting article re "John Biddle" in your issue of the 28th ult. is open to one or two corrections, which I herewith proceed to make. In the first place, Wotton-under-Edge is not a *village*, but a *town* of about 5,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the slope of the Cotswold Hills, which rise here to about 900 ft., and from which is obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Secondly, John Biddle was not a dealer in woollen *clothes*, but a manufacturer or dealer in woollen *cloth*, which in his time was a staple industry in that neighbourhood. One other error, Lord *Barkley*, who gave Biddle an exhibition, value £10 per year, should have been given as Lord *Berkeley*, or Fitzhardinge, whose seat is Berkeley Castle in the neighbourhood of Wotton, and the scene of the murder of King Edward II.

In addition to John Biddle, the town has been the birthplace of several eminent men, notably Wm. Tyndale, translator of the Bible, born near the town, to whom a monument has been erected on the Cotswolds near his birthplace. Sir Matthew Hale, who was Lord Chief Justice of England, was born at their family seat at Alderley, near the town. Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, though not born there was for some time the master of the British School in the town. The Rev. Rowland Hill, the eccentric preacher, and founder of Surrey Chapel, London, was for a considerable time minister of the Tabernacle in the town, and founded a splendid suite of almshouses in connection therewith.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HUNTLEY.

Penarth, January 6, 1913.

[The Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans writes as follows:—"In regard to the three corrections made by Mr. Huntley, I may say I cannot recall my authority for calling Wotton-under-Edge a "village." I fancy I must have had some authority or else I would not have done so, not knowing the place personally. I first wrote my address fifteen years ago. In spelling Lord "Barkley's" name as I did, my authority is the earliest "Life" of John Biddle placed at the beginning of the "Socinian Tracts," 1691. Even Joshua Toulmin, in his account of Biddle, 1791 (Preface, March 22, 1789) does not, apparently, give it correctly, spelling it 'Berkley,' instead of 'Berkeley,' as it seems to be spelled to-day. Spelling, we know, was a very uncertain affair in the seventeenth century and earlier. For instance, in the earliest "Life" of Biddle, Wotton is given as 'Wotton-under-hedg' (*sic*) and also 'Wootton.' In regard to the third correction, of 'woollen clothes,' I thought it safer to put it as given in the earliest 'Life.' The sentence in which it occurs

runs: 'His father, Edward Bidle, was of a middle sort of Yeomen, and also dealt in Woollen Clothes.' Perhaps I should have placed the word in inverted commas, as I was not sure of its exact meaning. I don't think there is any authority for calling him a 'manufacturer,' as Mr. Huntley does. Toulmin calls him a 'woollen-draper.' From the form of the word in the 1691 'Life,' it might mean garments, or simply cloths. If Mr. Huntley is sure that no woollen garments were ever made at Wotton, then his correction into 'cloths' is final; but if he is not sure, then 'clothes' is open to either interpretation."—ED. OF INQ.]

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD IN LATER JUDAISM.

The Immanence of God, in Rabbinical Literature. By J. Abelson, M.A., D.Lit. London: Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.

It will come as a surprise to many readers that there can be in the theology of post-biblical Judaism any doctrine of the immanence of God. Even in the Old Testament Scriptures God is represented mainly as transcendent; and it is usually supposed that in the later Jewish literature the tendency was to increase the remoteness of God from man, so that he became a mere abstraction. This is far from being the case. The tendency was rather the other way; and, while the transcendence of God was by no means denied, the belief in his immanence became far more prominent in the Rabbinical theology than it had been in the Old Testament Scriptures. Take away from Rabbinism the belief in the immanence of God, and the whole structure collapses. Even that elaborate system of minute precept, which some people imagine to be all that there is in Rabbinism, would lose most of its meaning and all its spiritual efficacy, if there were not beneath it the deep conviction of the immanence of God, present in the world and in the human soul, "near in every kind of nearness," as a Rabbi said.

The assertion here made is confirmed, and set forth with overwhelming fulness of illustration, by Dr. Abelson in the book under review. Even those who knew well that Rabbinical Judaism was essentially a religion of divine immanence, might be unprepared for such a demonstration of the fact. On its literary side the book is one which only a Jew could write; for the evidence presented is drawn from the Rabbinical literature of ten centuries, with the ease and sureness of one who is familiar with the whole. But even that would be an inadequate preparation for the treatment of such a subject as the Immanence of God, if the writer could not bring to it the sympathy and spiritual insight of a deeply religious nature. Dr. Abelson writes out of his own faith and experience, and is able to interpret, in terms of living religion, the

language of those who have commonly been regarded as soulless formalists.

The book is meant both for Jews and for Christians. "The average Jew," says Dr. Abelson, "unable to read the originals for himself, is, through a shortage of text-books, quite incompetent to pronounce an opinion of any worth upon the religion which has meant so much for his fathers and for the world. The average Christian *does* pronounce opinions; but as those opinions are drawn, neither from the originals nor from the few Jewish scholars who have written on these topics, they are invariably one-sided and incomplete." The truth of that assertion is undeniable, at all events as regards Christians; and there will be less excuse for the ignorance implied in it, if the opportunity presented in this book is neglected. The aim of the author is not controversy, but exposition. The belief in the immanence of God lies at the heart of the Christian religion; and the recovery of that belief, its re-assertion as against the externalism of the Augustinian theology, is one of the most significant developments of religious thought in the present age. The belief in the immanence of God lies at the heart also of the religion of Rabbinical Judaism; and while it is expressed in forms different from those which are familiar to Christians, it is the same in substance. To present the Rabbinical belief is to suggest at every turn comparison with the Christian belief; and it would have been easy to have made that comparison controversial by arguing in favour of one form of doctrinal expression against the other. Dr. Abelson has avoided that line altogether. He has simply shown that Rabbinical Judaism is based upon a deep conviction of the immanence of God; he gives the Rabbinical interpretation of that spiritual mystery, explains the forms in which the Rabbis gave expression of their belief, and only asks the Christian reader to recognise that such was their belief, and to own that the Immanence of God meant as much to the Rabbinical Jew as it does to the Christian. There must be many a Christian who will welcome the opportunity of comparing the spiritual experience acquired under a different form of religion with that created by his own; and who, on making closer acquaintance with Rabbinical Judaism, will be glad to admit that "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

A reference to the table of contents in Dr. Abelson's book will show how large a place in the Rabbinic doctrine of divine immanence is held by the conception of the Shechinah, no less than nine chapters being devoted to it. Eight more are given to the conception of the Holy Spirit. As between the Rabbinic and the Christian doctrine of the Immanence of God, the Holy Spirit is the term which is common to both; but "Shechinah," although based on a different metaphor, is in its essential meaning, hardly if at all distinguishable from "Holy Spirit." By one or the other, as each might seem more appropriate, the Rabbis sought to give utterance to their belief in the immediate presence and direct influence of God in the world and in human souls. They

formulated no definite doctrine, being neither professed theologians nor philosophers; they expressed their belief in the form of symbol and allegory, parable and homily, "each as the spirit gave him utterance." The extraordinary variety and fertility of imagination which they showed in finding forms of expression for their thought, is abundantly illustrated in Dr. Abelson's pages, and almost defies his attempt to classify them. If only as a monograph on the Rabbinical doctrine of the Holy Spirit, his book is the best that exists in English, and perhaps in any other language.

After having dealt fully with the general conception of Shechinah or Holy Spirit, Dr. Abelson goes on to bring it into relation with the other fundamentals of religion. His chapters on "the general Rabbinic conception of God," "Rabbinic doctrines of sin and evil from the standpoint of divine immanence," and "Rabbinic views of prayer" from the same standpoint, are deeply interesting and among the most valuable in the book. Quotation is difficult, for Rabbinic citations almost always need a commentary before their real meaning is apparent to the non-Rabbinic reader. And though it would be a congenial task to cite large extracts from Dr. Abelson's own words, to do so would take up too much space. The only quotation I will make is the following, which is not from a Rabbi nor from Dr. Abelson, but which he gives as exactly expressing the Rabbinic view of God's relation to human sin; man can sin because God allows to him unfettered freedom of choice. "Moral good consists in right choosing. It is right choosing which makes what we call character. . . . Right choosing; but, if there is to be choosing, there must be two courses to choose between. If God had made me so that I could not tell a lie, I could not choose to tell the truth, I should tell the truth automatically, as I breathe and sneeze and cough. But that would not make character. It would not be moral good, . . . and as, if His object with men is to get moral good out of them, to make character, God is obliged to leave the lie open to me as well as the truth, so also, throughout all the range of morals, He is in like manner compelled, omnipotent though He be, if He would have moral good evolved . . . to leave open to men the wrong as well as the right, the disobedience as well as the obedience, the sin as well as the virtue. And so, if moral good, character, righteousness, be the supreme purpose of God with man, then even Omnipotence had to leave open the door to sin, the greatest of evils." Many readers will recognise here the words of the late Rev. R. A. Armstrong, and will perhaps be surprised to find him appealed to as an exponent of Rabbinical Judaism in its true meaning. Yet the appeal is justified, for the religion of the Rabbis was a deeply spiritual Theism; and who should know better than Armstrong what Spiritual Theism means? With that clue to what may be learned from the study of this book, by those who will pass behind the form to the spirit of what is there set forth, I commend it to the reader.

R. T. H.

A STUDY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

The God which is Man. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. London: Francis Griffiths. 5s. net.

If a man will tell us clearly what he thinks about the soul, we shall be able to construct without much hazard of mistake the main outlines of his theology, and philosophy, and sociology. Mr. Stocker believes in the soul, and he thinks that

"to abandon so fundamental a conception must mean that we fail altogether to realise the enormous significance of the later contributions to psychology and ethics."

Let us see what he says about it. The belief in the soul, which is well nigh universal, takes its rise in the need of man; for

"how, without projecting himself into some sort of ideal futurity, could man have invested his nature with any higher significance or value, or how else could he have first speculated upon, and afterwards realised, his undeveloped possibilities?"

Apart from "faith in this, all effort, all achievement, all progress, must long ago have come to an end." How the idea originated is a problem of great difficulty; our author is inclined to follow Mr. Crawley, who regards the soul as "a mental repetition of sensation," a postulate apart from which such a thing as memory, for example, is inexplicable; it "provides a form for consciousness"; it is "the cell of thought and knowledge"; it is peculiarly associated with the faculty of imagination by means of which, working upon raw material received in sensational experience, a man weaves the content of his spiritual world; the soul might almost be described as man's inner consciousness somehow enclosed in a film. The separateness, however, suggested by this last expression, is delusive; the soul is a social fact; it is the

"outcome, manifestation, and expression of forces and powers which are operative and latent in mankind, past, present, and to come."

It is an "offshoot, aspect, product of one supreme thing—the social mind and will." This social mind and will must be regarded after the fashion of germ-plasm (under the modern view) which is continuous from generation to generation, and of which individual human bodies are but the preservative ensheathments. The soul, therefore, is not a supernatural creation, but

"it emerges as the product of the minds and wills of men, energising through and acting upon each other."

There is no individual soul, but only the social soul, in its individual aspect. Its ultimate significance is seen in action; it may be identified with conduct and character. "We only are, as we behave." We only exist in and through our relations with others.

"In the lives of others upon whom our own personal life impinges, no less than within our personal states of consciousness, resides our soul."

This is an impressive theory, and contains elements of great value. It provides a profound basis for ethics, and for the democratic principle in politics. It involves the gospel of solidarity. It makes clear, strange as this may seem to Mr. Stocker, some of the fundamental ideas of orthodox religion; for example, how that one may bear the sins of the world, or how that through one an atonement may be made for the whole. At the same time, it cuts the nerve of the belief in immortality. For, under this theory, individuals are not unlike the leaves of the tree, perpetually perishing, while the tree survives through the years. The "social mind and will" differentiates itself into individuals, presumably in order that, with the increased surface there offered to experience, its inherencies may be fully developed; but this exhausts the purpose of individual life, and there is no persistence.

It is because we incline to so much agreement with the theory that we are anxious to remark that we do not feel it to be, as Mr. Stocker evidently does, inconsistent with the theistic hypothesis. For, admitting this "social soul," it is clear that it must not be written down, any more than the individual soul, as a "supernatural creation." We cannot cut humanity off from the rest of creation; the "social soul" must be an evolutionary product. It must be continuous with something which existed in the world before humanity had arisen. The possibility of the "social mind and will" must have been there. The continuum which underlies the human race, and in which we are all one, must extend beyond the limits of the race. The "social soul" must itself be an aspect or expression of the universal soul. This seems, at least, to involve the hypothesis of the Immanent God. And since he himself argues that the individual soul is not explicable apart from the social soul which transcends it, Mr. Stocker will be aware that an Immanent God is inexplicable apart from His transcendence. We venture, too, upon another criticism. Mr. Stocker says:

"Only that which is moral in the universe really lasts and endures."

We appreciate this insistence upon the value of the moral life, but there can be no moral life without the consciousness of difference and separateness, nor, indeed, without the sense of strain and effort realised in opposition and resistance. Yet, if our individual soul "resides in the lives of others upon whom our own personal life impinges," the highest thing would seem to be the consciousness of a union transcending all differences, eliminating them, the sense of "oneness with the whole," in which morality is left behind. It may well be that through the moral life, and its faithful practice, such experience of oneness may become possible; but this involves that the moral life is conditional and not primary, and therefore not eternal.

Mr. Stocker's book is an exceedingly suggestive volume, and puts many things in a new light.

E. W. LEWIS.

A BOOK ON CHRISTOLOGY.

The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ.
By Professor H. R. Mackintosh, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d.

A WORK on Christology, running to 540 pages, is enough to take the heart out of the most courageous reviewer. It comes into his hands like a solid pig of lead, and he feels like flinging it back at the editor. He puts it down with a sigh, and in an ill-humour fingers instead a slim booklet of "Maxims from Nietzsche," and reads with savage joy, "I distrust all systematisers, and avoid them; the will to a system shows a lack of honesty." He knows that the will to no system is even more perverse and anarchically dishonest, but the maxim has momentarily served to discharge his rebellious nerve-storm.

Now he only asks mildly, who is there left in the reading world of to-day who will plough steadily through a treatise on Christology? Is this a time for the making of Christologies when not one single "Life of Jesus" can hold its own against the enemy? Give us a vivid, realistic vision of the historic fact and we will manage to find a theory. He who loves the person shall know the doctrine. First, then, we need a convincing and compelling "Life of Jesus"; make us Christians before you attempt to make us Christologists. The modern age has to overcome this strong preliminary distaste for all Christology. The very word is too much for the queasy stomach of our times.

Prof. Mackintosh is well aware of all this, and not the least valuable part of his work is his unescapable insistence on the necessity for vigorous and persistent thought, *i.e.* Christology.

This is finely done, and would have held us to our resolution to read through every page of the work.

We were, however, attracted at the outset by the dedication "To the memory of Marcus Dods." Marcus Dods was a man to be loved and revered. We assumed that our author would have some sympathy with the sanity and depth, the scholarly sincerity and northern caution of Dods. And in truth, he has. The work, if sometimes timid and vacillating, bears evidence of real effort to be ingenuous and candid. On the whole it is liberal, but liberal in the conservative interest. Now and again one catches the writer glancing nervously at his prospective orthodox readers whom he propitiates with frequent compliments and quotations. He escapes the barb of Nietzsche's remark by being diffuse and repetitive and unsystematic. But one is rewarded for persistently going on by illuminating and helpful passages. The exposition of the real humanity of Jesus is not merely honest but enthusiastic. It is this feature and the concluding pages on the spiritual growth of Jesus and on the Divine Tri-unity that have won our highest admiration. A liberal Christian preacher with strong teeth and powerful assimilative functions would find suggestive matter here which would work up into stimulating and fruitful sermons.

J. M. LI. T.

THE "Peace Year-Book for 1913" (The National Peace Council, ls.) contains a specially interesting series of articles on "Problems of Peace and War," which includes "The Control of Foreign Policy," a subject to which attention has been urgently called of late; "The War in the Balkans," by Norman Angell; "The Peril of the Air, or Military Aviation," by Dr. W. Evans Darby; and "The Passing of the Turk," by the Rev. Canon Grane. The Balkan conflict, which came upon Europe unprepared, has, in the course of a few short weeks, thrown a lurid light upon the problems of peace and war, "and will, in the nature of things," to quote the words of Mr. Carl Heath, the editor, "raise a host of new and difficult and antagonising problems." This is the thought which specially arrests us at the beginning of 1913, and it cannot be said that the general prospect is encouraging for the pacifist. But great issues are at stake, and it is better to await events with some sense of the gravity of the situation than to indulge in a foolish optimism while race hatred is still such a devastating force, and nations are still in the making. As an instance, however, of the temper in which a true lover of peace will wish to study the problems that lie before us, especially those concerned with the future of the British Empire, we should like to draw attention to the notable Empire Day circular which Mr. R. Blair, the Education Officer of the London County Council, issued to headmasters last May (page 125). If our children are taught to "think imperially" on the lines he has advocated, we shall not only have nothing to fear, but we shall be inspired by a sense of unity in work and service while endeavouring to meet our immense responsibilities with courage and earnestness, which will drive the spirit of mere arrogance and boasting out of the nation for ever.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. DENT & SONS:—Dante and the Mystics: Edmund G. Gardner. 7s. 6d. net. Tous les Chefs-d'Œuvre de la Littérature Française, Molière Théâtre. 1s. net.

MR. HENRY FROWDE:—Social Therapeutics: Stanley M. Bligh, 6d. net.

THE HAPPY PUBLISHING CO.:—Religion and Fairyland: Edith M. Jewson. 1s. net.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS:—Four Stages of Greek Religion: Gilbert Murray. 6s. net.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION:—The Sunday School Quarterly: Edited by J. A. Pearson. 1s. 6d. net.

THE YEAR BOOK PRESS:—The Directory of Woman Teachers, 1913.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mind.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

TWO CHILDREN.

THINK of a lovely day in high summer; a wide, sandy common, with a pine-wood at one side of it. On the common a number of children were playing and laughing; and through the bracken that carpeted the wood a little girl was making

her way alone beneath the plummy branches of the pines, fragrant and shady.

The child looked half frightened, half triumphant, as if she wasn't quite sure whether she ought to or not! Suddenly she came to a wall high and strong and forbidding. It seemed to rise up to prevent her going further. So Rosanne (that was her name) stopped and began twisting her thin little fingers and looking first one way, then the other.

As she stood she heard sounds from the other side of the wall. Sobs, and then a choked, angry voice: "No! No! I don't care! It's always what happens! I won't be good! Everybody tries to vex me. Why couldn't Aunt Mary have let Amy come? She could if she liked. And I with the dolls' house all cleaned up, and . . . No, I won't make a cake . . . I hate everything! I hate my birthday . . ."

More sobs; then another voice that said very sadly, "Oh, Betty, Betty, I must just go away, you are so naughty!"

"I want to be naughty! Oh, I want Amy . . .!"

Then a small door in the wall opened, close to where Rosanne was standing. Through it there came a patch of sunshine into the dark wood; also a lady who closed the door behind her and walked quickly away, without seeing Rosanne. But this lady had a face so sweet and good, though very troubled just then, that the wandering child ran after her and said, breathlessly, "Och, would you tell me the way to the roses, and I'd be thankful to ye, your ladyship!" "The roses! why . . . where do you come from?" said the lady. Rosanne hesitated; then, "I'm a Fresh Air child . . . and won't you please tell me the way to the roses, ma'am?"

"Oh, I can do that!" said the lady, sorrowfully enough. So she took Rosanne's hand in hers, and led her through the door I have just mentioned.

Oh, how wonderful it was! There indeed were the roses, roses red and pink, crimson and white and yellow and even orange! roses in hedges, roses on arches, on arbours, covering a bank!

Rosanne's eyes grew round, and her thin cheeks rosy like the pink roses themselves with sheer delight.

And there, among all these lovely things, a little girl about her own size lay under a tree, crying and sullen. It was Betty. Her mother, the lady who had brought Rosanne in there, just looked at her and slipped away. Rosanne stood still. It was like a grand dream! If she moved she might waken.

Presently Betty turned on her elbow and saw the stranger. What a surprise she got! Such a pale thin child as was there, in a frock that was pale and thin, too, from age and many washings. Yet it was clean and whole. And her patched boots had been "shined up" for the great occasion. Now Betty was in silk, literally from her head, with its soft rich ribbon, to the silk stockings on her dainty feet . . . And there they stood looking at one another, so different, and yet just Two Children. . . .

"What do you want here, little girl?" asked Betty, just a bit condescending,

but not cross. Betty wasn't half bad, old Nan used to say, only not to contradict her.

"Och, would you . . . but sure, here they are . . ."

"What's here?"

"There's roses here—miss—your ladyship!"

"Oh, the roses. Well, what good are they?"

Rosanne thought. That was a puzzler!

At last, "It's me father, miss," she said; "and he dark (blind), God help him! and used to be a gardener . . . and there's a girl does stop with us and sells flowers in the street . . . and sometimes she'll give him one she has over, to smell. . . . And I thought if I was brought to the country—me father says there's where he mostly saw them growing—maybe I could find one to bring home to him . . ."

And at that Rosanne got some lonesome feel, and she began to cry herself. It may have been the thought of the dark father sitting all day patiently in a corner of their comfortless "home"; or of the mother, often sick, but always kind, who did a day's charring when she got it. . . I don't know. But Betty was melted, and she said, "Don't be fretting, I'll give you as many roses as you want; and I'll show you the pony . . . and would you like to see my new dolls' house? . . . and the fountain's playing to-day for my birthday . . . and . . . Come along!"

So Rosanne dried her tears in Betty's fine lacey handkerchief, and the two children wandered off together through the roses. They saw everything, and Rosanne kept thinking still it must be a dream. There was a splendid little house all over roses, and in it a table beautiful with snowy cloth, and roses again, as well as all manner of things good to eat on it. It wasn't really so miraculous as Rosanne supposed, having been got ready for the little visitor, Amy, about whom Betty had fretted so much. But now Betty was so interested in a playmate quite different from any she had ever had that she forgot everything else, except to be kind to Rosanne, who was shy at times. But by degrees, as she got rested, as well as refreshed by the good and nice food, she grew quite chatty, and Betty learned many things which I don't think she will ever forget.

She learned what poverty may mean: hunger, and cold, and the want of what most people look on as an absolute right in sickness. When she showed Rosanne her own bedroom, with the pretty school-room opening off it, gay with flowers, and her pet cat lying asleep in the sunny window, the little slum child said, "And is it that no one sleeps here, only yourself?"

"Well!" said Betty; "doesn't everyone want a room?"

"If they could get it; we have only one!"

"I thought the flower-girl stopped with you," said Betty, who was too deeply interested to be as careful as one might wish.

"She does be out all day, and she sleeps in my bed in the corner," explained Rosanne.

"Can't you bring lots and lots of roses, and she might sell some."

Rosanne's eyes shone.

"If it would be plasing to ye, miss!"

So mother helped, and a goodly sheaf of roses was gathered. Other good things were not forgotten; in truth, Betty wanted to share everything she had with Rosanne, including her clothes! To be sure she had rather more frocks than she well knew about herself. But mother said it might not be easy for Rosanne to take more than the flowers. They would be load enough. And Rosanne would be travelling back with other children.

Mother herself took Rosanne back to the Fresh Air party she belonged to, and explained what had happened to the lady in charge. Betty went too. As she and mother returned through the wood to their beautiful home, she said, "After all, mammy, it was a lovely birthday. And I'm sorry I was naughty! only . . ."

"I know!" said the kind voice.

Betty winked off a tear, and went on, "I'm glad Rosanne got the roses for her father. Why roses, mammy?"

"Oh, they're so lovely, dear; and they mean love, too!"

"Well, she's fond of her father. It must be simply awful, being blind. Oh, mother! and poor . . . only one room for everything and always. I wish I could give away more roses!"

"So you can," said mother; "there's no one without some roses to give—love-roses, you know. Suppose you go to see Rosanne . . ."

"And bring her that doll she liked, and—and—a frock, mammy? and have her some other day to play? But all the other little children there were too!"

"Perhaps you could have a big birthday party next year, and give all the children roses."

They were back in the garden now.

"I don't think the roses ever, ever were so nice before!" said little Betty.

"Well, that's the thing we learn when we give!" said mother.

K. F. P.

MEMORIAL NOTICE.

MR. I. S. LISTER.

A FAMILIAR and honoured figure has passed away in the death of Mr. I. S. Lister, of Upper Heath, Hampstead, which took place on Saturday, January 4, in the 81st year of his age. Isaac Solly Lister was born in 1832, the eldest son of Isaac Solly Lister and Ann (Venning). He was descended on both sides from old Non-conformist families that had produced several eminent men. Until the age of 15 his family lived in London, and were members of the congregation meeting at Little Carter-lane Chapel under Dr. Hutton's ministry. He was sent to the school at Hove, near Brighton, kept by the Rev. P. Malleon, and later was placed under the care of the Rev. S. Bache, at Edgbaston. From 1848 to 1858 his family lived at Tottenham, and were members of the congregation meeting at the New Gravel Pit Chapel, Hackney, to which Mr. Boucher and afterwards Mr. T. L. Marshall ministered. During this period he succeeded

to the business, from which his father had retired, in partnership with his father's old clerk, Mr. Biggs, who died only a few weeks ago. In 1858 his family moved into the house his father had bought on Hampstead Heath, and there he had lived for the rest of his life.

He was a very active man, with numerous and very varied interests, always bent on being useful and helping in every good work he could. When quite a young man he used to go after business to Carter-lane to teach classes of boys, and when the institutions connected with that chapel were moved to Blackfriars, he continued his interest in them to the end of his life. Among the other societies which Mr. Lister helped were the London Domestic Mission Society, the Presbyterian Fund, the London District Unitarian Society, the Provincial Assembly of London and the South-Eastern Counties, and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. He was the first treasurer of the British Schools established in 1863 in connection with the Rosslyn Hill Chapel. In 1867 he became, as his father and numerous relations had been, a member of the New England Company, the oldest Protestant missionary society of English people in existence, dating back as it does to the times of the Commonwealth. In the affairs of this he took the warmest interest, and he, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Lant Carpenter and two other members, visited its Indian settlements in Canada in 1889.

Early in life Mr. Lister was made free of the Fishmongers' Company, with which in all its various activities he was ever closely associated. He was one of the oldest members of its Court, and had been its Prime Warden. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a member of the Reform and City Liberal Clubs. In 1859 or '60 he became one of the first members of the newly raised Volunteer force, and continued to serve as private, and later as an officer, till past middle life.

The residents in Hampstead have special reason to honour his memory for his very active share in the agitation which secured the Heath to the public for ever. "Mr. Lister," says a writer in *The Times*, "was one of the three gentlemen in whose names legal proceedings were taken in Chancery in 1866 to determine the exact rights of the Lord of the Manor and the tenants of the manor over Hampstead Heath, the others being the late Mr. John Gurney Hoare and Mr. Richard Ware. For 20 years or more there had been a contest between Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, the Lord of the Manor, and the inhabitants of Hampstead. Sir Thomas wished to build upon the Heath, and in the year mentioned he began the erection of a house on the summit of the Heath, close to the flagstaff. This was considered to be a challenge to fight the matter out, and a committee was formed to go to law with him. There were, however, many delays, and, before the case was disposed of, Sir Thomas died. He was succeeded by his brother, Sir John Maryon Wilson, who was open to compromise, and eventually, under the authority of an Act of Parliament, the manorial rights were acquired for £55,045, and the Heath was secured for the public for ever."

"The Upper Heath, where Mr. Lister lived with his sister, is one of the most charming of the old houses of Hampstead. In the days of Queen Anne it was the Upper Flask Inn, a rendezvous of fashion, and the summer meeting-place of the Kit-Cat Club. At the end of the 18th century it was occupied by George Steevens, the annotator of Shakespeare, who was visited there by Dr. Johnson, and later it was the residence of Mr. Shepherd, M.P. for Frome, who was the last wearer of a pigtail in the House of Commons."

The funeral service prior to cremation was held in Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, on Wednesday, conducted by the Rev. H. Gow. There was a large attendance of friends and representatives of the various societies with which Mr. Lister had been connected. The urn containing the ashes was subsequently interred in the grounds attached to Rosslyn Hill Chapel.

MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

THE COLERIDGE MEMORIAL AT SHREWSBURY.

ADDRESSES BY MR. E. HARTLEY COLERIDGE AND THE REV. P. H. WICKSTEED.

ON Tuesday, January 7, an interesting ceremony took place in connection with the High-street Church, Shrewsbury, when a brass tablet was unveiled, commemorating the visit of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Shrewsbury, and the fact that he preached there in 1798 as candidate for the ministerial office. The event attracted a notable gathering. The chair was taken by Mr. W. Byng Kenrick, president of the Midland Christian Union, who was supported by Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the poet, the Revs. Philip H. Wicksteed, H. Enfield Dowson, J. M. Lloyd Thomas, E. Worsley Austin, W. Stephens (minister of the congregation), the Mayor of Shrewsbury (Dr. Cureton), Messrs. J. Barker, J.P., and W. Vickery, J.P.

The proceedings opened with the singing of Hartley Coleridge's hymn, "In holy books we read how God hath spoken." Mr. Vickery then announced that letters of apology for absence had been received from the following:—Lord Coleridge, the Headmaster of Shrewsbury School and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, the Rev. Alex. Gordon, the Rev. Prebendary and Miss Auden, Dr. T. Estlin Carpenter, Major Wingfield (ex-Mayor of Shrewsbury), and many others. The Chairman welcomed the distinguished people, who had come to pay their tribute of honour to the occasion, and especially Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge, the lineal descendant of the man they were met to commemorate.

ADDRESS BY MR. COLERIDGE.

Mr. E. Hartley Coleridge in his address, said:—We are gathered together in this venerable House of God to preserve and honour the memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was a scholar and a poet, a journalist and lecturer, a philosopher and a divine, but whether he would or no, whether his message was accepted or rejected he was a preacher, not for gain,

not for vain glory, not even for fame, but in obedience to an irresistible vocation. He came here on probation, he withdrew his candidature for the pastorate before it was offered him, he entered—if indeed he did enter—only to leave, your society and communion, but you do well to honour him here as one who preached from this pulpit, not because he is known far and wide as the author of "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner," but because here and elsewhere in every indulgence of his fancy, in every operation of his intellect, he desired above all things to know the truth and to share that knowledge with his fellow men. But my task is not to criticise or appraise Coleridge, but to tell the story of his visit to Shrewsbury, just 115 years ago, in January, 1798. I derive my facts from a number of published and unpublished letters, and from two admirable papers by my friend, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, which were published in *The Academy*, 1906. He was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and had gone up to Cambridge from Christ's Hospital with the object of taking Orders, as two of his elder brothers had done before him. Whilst he was at Cambridge he came under the influence of the Rev. William Frend, a Fellow and tutor of Jesus College, who had resigned his living and was then a Unitarian. For this, or other reason, he left Cambridge without taking his degree, and started in life as a political and theological lecturer in Bristol. As such he was invited on occasions to preach in Unitarian chapels. Cottle, in his "Early Reminiscences," belittles Coleridge as a preacher, and gives a ludicrous account of his inaugural sermon at Bath, where he had been invited to preach by the Rev. David Jardine in 1796, and being unprepared with a sermon re-delivered two old lectures on the Corn Laws and the Hair Powder tax. Whenever or however this incident took place we are on surer ground with regard to sermons preached at Nottingham and Birmingham in January 1796, when Coleridge was soliciting subscriptions for his projected periodical, *The Watchman*. At Nottingham, so he tells his friend Wade, he was permitted to preach according to his wont in a blue coat and white waistcoat, but at Birmingham ritualism and conventionality were too strong for him, and against "his better knowledge" at the last moment in the vestry he consented to wear a gown. Gown notwithstanding, his sermon was delivered to 1,400 people; and so he boasts, it was "preciously peppered with politics." Early in 1795 he had made the acquaintance and won the approval of a preacher and writer of recognised worth and distinction, John Prior Estlin. I possess a presentation copy of his well-known sermon, "Evidences of Revealed Religion," first preached at the chapel in Lewin's Mead, Bristol, on December 25, 1795, and afterwards on January 17, 1796, re-delivered in Essex-street, London. It is inscribed, "From the Author to his highly valued friend, Mr. S. T. Coleridge, to whose judicious suggestion this discourse was indebted for the quotation from Sir Isaac Newton"—a proof, if proof were needed, that he stood well with the leading members and ministers of the Society in Bristol.

I do not know if he ever preached in Lewin's Mead Chapel. Possibly, as Cottle intimates, his record as a Jacobinical lecturer shooting out arrows, ruthless and indiscreet, and fierce invective of Pitt and the Government, made it too dangerous an experiment for an admirer and well-wisher who was on good terms with the powers that be.

In Search of a Profession.

Probably Cottle knew, for he sold Estlin's sermons. After he moved from Bristol to Nether Stowey he was on safer ground, and on the strength of an introduction from Estlin was welcomed as an occasional assistant by Mr. Howell, of Bridgwater, and Dr. Toulmin, of Taunton. He was eight miles from the one and ten miles from the other, but he made light of the double journey, and gave his services as gladly as they were received. But though he prayed and preached as often as he could, he retained his independence and took no part in such definite ministerial duties as the administration of the sacraments. He had ceased to be a member of the Church of England without becoming a recognised member of the Unitarian Society. He looked to make his living as journalist, poet, and dramatist. At one time he thought he might live on the proceeds of his garden and orchard, and at another he hoped that pupils or paying guests might keep the wolf from the door. But it was all in vain. He had done his best, and his friends had helped him, but he was as far from independence as ever. Failing a visionary and impossible scheme to join forces with Wordsworth's friend, Basil Montagu, and start a kind of boarding school, two courses remained open—to hire himself to the press as a regular journalist or to swallow his scruples and preach the Gospel as a stipendiary minister. On the whole he thought he could do much good with the least violation of conscience by falling back on the ministry, and as it had come to his ears that the Rev. John Rowe of Shrewsbury was retiring from the pastorate he offered himself as locum tenens for a few weeks to see how he liked the place, and if the congregation could put up with the freedom of his opinions and his social peculiarities. It was a natural proposal, but before and after he got so far as Shrewsbury there were many happenings, and the threads of fate were twisted now this way and now that, as though some spiritual powers were striving hard for the control of his future life and destiny. Towards the close of December, 1797, he must have taken into his confidence the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, sons of the famous potter, whose acquaintance he had recently made, for whilst he was negotiating with Mr. Rowe, or Estlin was negotiating on his behalf, he received a draft for £100, which the Wedgwoods sent him to enable him to devote himself to literature. Doubtful as to Mr. Rowe's intentions or his powers to serve him, he hesitated for some days before he accepted the draft, but had no sooner done so than he received a hearty invitation from the congregation at Shrewsbury, which had been sent him by a leading member, Mr. T. Wood. This turned the scale in the opposite direction, and again after a sore struggle between immediate relief and future independence he returned

the draft and resolved to set out for Shrewsbury. It was finely resolved, but the web was to be woven after another pattern. As he believed the die was cast, and having returned the draft on January 5, he started on the 12th and slept at Shrewsbury on the night of January 13. The following Sunday he preached morning and afternoon—and then it was that William Hazlitt listened spell-bound, and, as it were, “to all Heaven’s harmonies.”

His Visit to Wem.

On Tuesday, January 16, Coleridge walked over to Wem to pay his respects to the elder Hazlitt, Unitarian minister of that place, and while he was staying at Wem, on Wednesday, January 17, he received a second letter from the Wedgwoods, in which they offered him—on no conditions, and to be settled for life—an annuity of £150 per annum. “Only,” said Josiah, “in the event of the wreck of their fortune, a not wholly impossible contingency, would this pension or annuity be withdrawn.” It was to be a gift, and neither directly nor indirectly a salary. The donors had gone into Coleridge’s past, and observed and noted his present character and characteristics, and on the strength of their observations they had determined to endow him for life with a sum sufficient to secure his independence. Hazlitt says that “Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes.” It would have been an idle pretence if he had done otherwise. The ministry, as a means of livelihood, was a bitter pill, and henceforth there was neither reason nor obligation why he should swallow it. He could, as indeed he afterwards did, give his services to his friend, Dr. Toulmin, and as he reasoned fairly enough, he could and would devote his leisure to the “service of religion without receiving money from a particular congregation.” But at the moment it was a disappointment to his ardent and, as yet, unprejudiced disciples. “It took (he says) the wayward enthusiast quite from us to cast him into Deva’s winding vales, or by the shores of old romance.” Moreover, the continuance of the pastorate depended on health and the goodwill, if not the caprice of his congregation, whilst the annuity was, as he was solemnly told, and naturally believed, a gift rather than a trust. The immediate result of this unexpected and wholly unsolicited munificence was—as Hazlitt might have put it—after his shoe was tied, to withdraw his candidature for the pastorate. But, of course, he has been blamed for doing so. He offered to serve Mr. Rowe as long as he required, and instead of returning to present himself to the patrons at Bristol, he remained in Shrewsbury for another fortnight, preaching morning and afternoon on Sunday, the 21st, and Sunday, the 28th, and for those six sermons, though he declined a fee, he was duly remunerated. It should be added, that both Mr. Rowe, of Shrewsbury, and his wise and kind friend, Tom Poole, of Nether Stowey, urged him to accept the annuity, but I gather that Estlin thought that he had put his hand to the plough, and, yielding to temptation, had looked back. We who know or perhaps dimly remember something about

Coleridge’s after history, of his manifold wanderings in the wilderness before his ark rested on the brow of Highgate Hill, may be tempted to ask was the Wedgwood annuity a stroke of luck, or rather a *damnosa hereditas*, a mischievous benefaction? Would it not have been better for this “wayward enthusiast” if he had been compelled, for a time at least, to submit to the yoke, and to have explored the lanes and streets of Shrewsbury in exchange for the Hill of Parnassus and the “delectable mountains?” On the whole I am disposed to think that the Shrewsbury episode was a happy and a brilliant one, partly because it was brief. He understood himself better than his admirers and counsellors imagined. In his letters to Poole and Wordsworth, which he wrote from this place, he speaks with the highest respect of the outgoing minister, Mr. Rowe, and bears witness to the warmth and enthusiasm of his reception; but he drew his own comments on the wealth and social display of the members of the congregation, and though, no doubt, he was flattered and pleased, he would not for long have resisted the double temptation of preaching republican simplicity and defying the proprieties of social intercourse. He would have done his best, but before long he would have kicked over the traces. On the other hand, though I know not what she felt or thought at the time, I am sure that my grandmother would rather have been the wife of the pastor of Shrewsbury than of a great poet, and, if one could be found, of a more systematic philosopher—and that was possible enough—than her husband. After a while she walked no more with the friends and spiritual teachers of her youth, but I have been told that she left her best and inmost faith there where it had sprung into life and being. By February 1, 1798, Coleridge was back at Stowey, and once more in the almost daily society of William and Dorothy Wordsworth. By the end of March or thereabouts “The Ancient Mariner” was finished, and “Christabel” was begun. Now the concluding sentence in Estlin’s sermon which he preached in Lewin’s Mead Chapel on Christmas Day, 1795, runs thus: “Let us show by every part of our conduct in our intercourse with mankind that we are the true followers of the Master . . . the consistent disciples of the Teacher, whose great and best lesson to the world is Love”; and what is the conclusion of the wild and wondrous vision of “The Ancient Mariner?”—

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God Who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Mr. Coleridge then unveiled the memorial. The inscription is as follows:—

“On the second Sunday in 1798

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

preached from this pulpit, and gave out as his text, ‘And He went up into the mountain to pray, *Himself alone.*’”

W. Hazlitt, the younger, thus describes the scene:—“As he gave out the text, his voice rose like the steam of rich distilled

perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe.”

ADDRESS BY MR. WICKSTEED.

The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed then delivered an address:—

Coleridge, he observed, was known by some half dozen poems and two or three current sayings, such as “He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all”; and “Luther, not less than Rousseau, was actuated by an almost superstitious hatred of superstition and a turbulent prejudice against prejudices.” Study would not increase the number of the former, though revealing many secondary beauties and much charm, but it would indefinitely multiply the latter. The most important of all truths, he observed, “are often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.” There was his reply to the lady who asked him if he believed in ghosts, “No, madam, I have seen far too many myself”; his warning against mistaking “the inward triumph in the detection of error for a positive love of truth”; his declaration that if a calamity has made us humble it would probably require “a second and sharper calamity” to cure us of the pride we take in our humility. His assertion that the “point of honour” was the ghost of dead virtue, and again, that gentlemanliness is “always the ornament of virtue and oftentimes a support, but it is a wretched substitute for it”; his gibe against commentators who are quite content not to understand their author if they can make their readers suppose that they do; and his positively inspired characterisation of Horace, “the man whose works have been in all ages deemed the model of good sense, and who is still the pocket companion of those who pride themselves on uniting the scholar with the gentleman.” After speaking of the range and breadth of Coleridge’s scholarship, his interest in science, and his wonderful translation, especially, of Renaissance Latinity, Mr. Wicksteed went on to speak of him at length as poet, critic, and thinker.

He was not, he said, a philosophical poet; in what sense was he a great poet? His was the pure poetry of the imagination. “The Ancient Mariner,” “Christabel,” Part I., “Kubla Khan” and “France,” were all of them the first-fruits of his intimacy with Wordsworth, and date from 1797. The second part of “Christabel” belonged to 1801, and “Dejection” to 1802. His course as poet was run in five years. In 1807, after hearing William Wordsworth recite the concluding portion of “The Prelude,” his muse woke again, but only to chant her own dirge. This later poetry was chiefly in blank verse, and owed little to the mere magic of either sound or image.

Coleridge was also a critic on Dante, on Shakespeare, on Wordsworth. Wordsworth's great period coincides with his close relationship with Coleridge. "The Prelude" would have been impossible without him. As a thinker Coleridge based his philosophical studies on Plato and Kant. He drew a distinction between Reason and Understanding. To him the Reason is pure and universal, but the understanding varies with the individual. God as the Source alike of the human mind and of nature is the ground of a pre-established harmony between them. The clue to this harmony exists unimpaired in Reason as revealed in mathematical ideas where the idea and the law are one in man as they are one universally in God. Reason is also more dimly traceable, *e.g.*, in the sense of causation, which can never be an induction, but must nevertheless be the starting point and goal of all natural science. Coleridge did not recognise the scholastic distinction between the sciences that start from axioms, and build up, and the will that starts from the goal, and builds down. In his thought this distinction is overlaid by the ideal fixity and primariness of axiom of intelligence and goal of desire alike, and therefore both are of Reason as the working out of both are of understanding, only Reason in its aspect as connected with will is impaired, and can only be restored by faith and by the acceptance of Christian revelation. Coleridge's doctrines of original sin and redemption were based on experience of effects, *i.e.*, on a recognition of the *de jure* harmony and the *de facto* discord in the moral world. He repudiated all explanations and justifications of the causes, hence arose a kind of undogmatic acceptance of Christianity which may be compared with F. W. Newman's Evangelicalism without Christianity. The address concluded with a reference to Coleridge's character. He presented the spectacle of a man, constitutionally weak-willed, waging a ceaseless and implacable warfare against the infirmities of his nature. He had sought his friend's forgiveness. But those present, who had much to be grateful for, had nothing to forgive.

The Rev. H. Enfield Dowson proposed and the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wicksteed for their addresses, to which Mr. Coleridge replied. A vote of thanks to the chairman was proposed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury and seconded by Mr. John Barker, J.P. A hymn was then sung, and the Rev. E. Worsley Austin pronounced the benediction, which brought the proceedings to a close.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW YEAR LETTER TO ELDER SCHOLARS.

DEAR FRIENDS AND COMRADES.—If the ten thousand young men and women in our Unitarian Sunday schools were gathered together in one place, what a demonstration we should make! I can picture the enthusiasm of our meeting, and hear the mighty cheer for the resolu-

tion demanding our loyalty, and pledging us to renewed effort in behalf of the schools. We should realise the power in our hands; and know we could do practically anything we were bent on doing. There would be no room for despondency at such a time.

We cannot have that demonstration, however, and we miss the enthusiasm of a mighty concourse that the greatest man in the land might be proud to address. But in our three hundred Sunday schools there are all the elements to make the meeting a success if it could be held, and for that reason I appeal now to your enthusiasm and loyalty quite as confidently as if I saw you face to face.

You are ten thousand strong, then, you in the higher classes of the schools, and the officers and teachers are looking your way for help in the work that has still to be done. You are taking an interest as well in the life of your city, village, or town. Probably you have learnt that all over the land amongst the foremost social workers there are men and women who have been trained in the Sunday schools, and are still honourably associated with them. When you too pass out of the school (and perhaps before then, why not?) a large proportion of you will join the ranks of those workers for temperance and purity and reforms of every kind. That is just as it should be. You are to be reformers, not in spite of the teaching you had in the school, but because of it. Your religion is to do good while you are here.

How much social passion and enthusiasm is owing to the influence of the old school! But has it ever occurred to you to think how you in your turn can help this wonderful institution, that for generations has meant so much to the young life of our land? How can you pass on its good influence, its teachings, its comradeship? I want you "to pass it on." Don't simply think that you can do without the school, now that you are older, and have little more to learn from it. The school at least can't do without you, and it's coming your turn to help. Be as staunch as those who stood by the school when you were younger. It is so easy to feel that one worker more or less won't matter much, and then to give your young energy to something else in the town. But what would happen if you all left without a thought as to how the teaching was to be continued; what would have happened if our predecessors had gone out in that regardless way? The schools would have been closed.

There is always room, and there is need, for fresh workers, and you should look forward to taking your place among them. The work has to go on. It doesn't end when you leave. There are children growing up, as you were a few years ago, and the good you have received, you have "to pass it on." You have been helped, you must help; have been taught, you must teach; have been led, you must lead; been inspired, you must inspire; been loved, you must love. Are you ready? "Here am I, send me." Can you say it?

I do not mean that you are to enter into competition for the present classes in the school, and perhaps displace old

and willing workers. There are many ways in which you can help. It is always possible for everybody to do something that nobody else has done, and if you really wish to make your school the best in your district you will set about doing something at once. Why shouldn't you build up a new class by your own exertion—a Sunday class, a week-night meeting, to teach and gladden—and so pass on to fresh boys and girls the benefit you yourself obtained.

You are ten thousand in number; are you ten thousand in earnest? Won't you talk over this, "What can we do for our school that isn't yet done?" Don't calmly desert it with never a "Thank you," as so many do; but let it, through you, "pass it on" to the children whose need of a friend is as great as your own was when you came along. Swell the ranks of the teachers and workers; stand fast by your school; be trusty and true.

I think of my own friends of twenty years in Lancashire, so many young men and women helping in the work of the town, and helping as well in the school, carrying on its busy life, and finding their happiness in what they can do for others in turn; and I say to you about the good of your own school, as it is said to them, "Pass it on."

With that remembrance before me, and with a renewal of my own loyalty to the Sunday-school idea, I pass on to you once more the greeting of our Sunday School Association for a Happy New Year to the ten thousand Elder Scholars, whose welfare is its care and whose loyalty is its pride.

THOS. P. SPEDDING, *President.*
Essex Hall, Essex-street, London,
January 1, 1913.

THE LIVERPOOL CHURCH CENSUS.

THE Calendar of Hope-street Church contains the following interesting comment upon the Liverpool Church Census:—"This interesting experiment has occasioned much comment and criticism. Each critic attempts explanation of the serious decrease in numbers of church worshippers in accordance with the bent of his own temperament and his own outlook. The churches are too orthodox, too heterodox, too institutional, not institutional enough, too expensive, too much a matter of cliques and respectability, and so on. One critic in particular who has analysed the results declares that 'for modern man' religion is 'quite unneeded.' It is noteworthy that this critic is himself president of an 'Ethical Church' which holds stated meetings on Sunday; and that groups of men and women, Secularist, Socialist, Spiritualist, Theosophist, Christian Scientist, come together for the regular expression and propagation of their own particular views, exactly as do extreme religious dogmatists from the Roman Catholics to the Plymouth Brethren. Men will continue thus to foregather as long as they find themselves possessed of a common belief and a common expression of it. A point hardly emphasised sufficiently is the enormous exodus in recent years of those very classes which had for long

formed the great support of the City Churches; an exodus affecting Protestants, who are on the whole of 'higher social' status, more than Roman Catholics.

"The particular forms of the expression of religion, even the very content of religion, are certainly to-day in the crucible. But that religion, and the great inquiry of religion, are either less interesting or less needed, is a curiously short-sighted statement. The renaissance of mysticism, even in high scientific circles, and the notable call for an interpretation of the universe which shall be at once rational and spiritual, are proofs that religion is still the voicing of human needs and of undying human aspirations. Without legislating for the future, it is hardly conceivable that religion such as is our essential if unworthy interpretation, can ever become an obscure or negligible factor in the aspiring, questioning, and wistful human soul. For the mind forever seeks an interpretation of the universe in which it finds itself which is rational, mystical, spiritual; it must needs try to get into personal affinity with the cosmos; it must hold that the principles of mind are higher than the properties of matter, however closely allied they may be; and realising more and more the implications of the profound unity of existence, it will see the worth and dignity of man emerge in ever higher degree. Hence on the practical side the holders of these convictions will not cease to be crusaders for and creators of that for which no better designation has yet been given than the Kingdom of God on earth.

"Whether the members of Churches making this high profession fully appreciate the call to responsibility and duty, and the benefit and necessity of thus assembling themselves together, is a consideration for the individual conscience and its sense of Eternal Values."

MISSIONS AND THE MODERN MAN.

DR. W. E. ORCHARD, of Enfield, has promised to conduct a special Mission at the Free Christian Church, Doncaster, in the second week of February. He has described the aim and character of the Mission in the following message to the members of the congregation:—

"I want the forthcoming Mission to be determinative in the history of your Church and long remembered in Doncaster. There are one or two things that you can do towards preparing for great possibilities. It must be understood that the Mission is meant to appeal especially to the modern man, therefore it will meet him where he stands, not asking him to accept dogmas he cannot understand, doctrines he cannot believe or authorities he cannot recognise. It will proceed upon the assumption that Christianity arose out of a personal experience which can be repeated, and while using the broader interpretation, it will strive to make realisable to an honest and adventurous nature all that has ever been experiential in Christianity. It is no truncated, watered-down, vague, and easy experience to which we shall invite men, but something critical, personal, revolu-

tionary, and redemptive. We shall strive to be unsectarian, and uncontroversial. No one save the man who is afraid of religion should be afraid to come. There will be no emotionalism or hypnotism, and no attempt to break down anyone's personal reticence or privacy. To make the Mission an effective opportunity there should be a preparation of prayer, not importunity for God's blessing—that we may take for granted—but personal dedication to the truth that shall be made manifest, and surrender of ourselves as the channels through which the contagion of spiritual awakening shall reach others. In the meetings themselves, all I ask for is great quietness, and a willingness to recognise the call of God as it comes to us. Expect great things; not great numbers or excitement, but permanent results in the life and convictions of the whole community."

A MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

A MINISTERIAL Conference of an interesting character is to take place at the King's Weigh House on Monday, January 27. The purpose of the Conference, which is a sequel to one held last October, is to discuss the difficulties peculiar to the modern ministry. The morning session, which commences at 10.30, will be occupied with a discussion on "The Need for a Ministry of Religion," to be opened by the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, of Wandsworth; in the afternoon "The Question of the Churches' Relation to the Social Movement" will be the subject of conference. It is hoped that representatives of all denominations will be present at these gatherings which are entirely unsectarian in character.

PROFESSOR JOSIAH ROYCE, of Harvard University, will deliver a course of public lectures at Manchester College on Mondays and Thursdays at 5 p.m., beginning Monday, January 13, his subject being "The Problem of Christianity." The lectures will be as follows:—Part I., The Christian Doctrine of Life. January 13, "The Problem and the Method"; January 16, "The Idea of the Universal Community"; January 20, "The Moral Burden of the Individual"; January 23, "The Realm of Grace"; January 27, "Time and Guilt"; January 30, "Atonement"; February 3, "The Christian Doctrine of Life"; and February 6, "The Modern Mind and the Christian Ideas."

ON Monday, January 20, at 5.30 p.m., a moral lesson on "Duty" will be given to a class of children at Prince Henry's Room, 17, Fleet-street, E.C., by Mr. C. Beckett, under the auspices of the Moral Education League. On February 17 a lesson on "Happiness" will be given by Mr. John Russell, M.A., of the King Alfred School, Hampstead. All who are interested, especially teachers, are cordially invited to attend and take part in the discussions after the lessons. Mr. Harrold Johnson, the secretary of the Moral Education League, has been appointed hon. secretary

of the International Moral Education Congress Executive Council, of which Sir Frederick Pollock has been appointed Chairman, and Dr. Sophie Bryant, Vice-Chairman.

THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

MORE LIGHT ON BOY LABOUR.—THE AGENDA CLUB AND GOLF CADDIES.—THE PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

THE wastage involved in our present methods of employing boys fresh from school has been for a long time past kept prominently before the public. Further investigation, on whichever side the Atlantic, only serves to confirm the conclusions to which disinterested social workers have been driven. "The Rough and the Fairway: an inquiry by the Agenda Club into the golf caddie problem,"* is an interesting example of the change of public feeling with regard to our relations towards those who minister to our luxuries or necessities. The golfer, according to the preface, is to-day inspired with the feeling "that the account as between himself and his caddie implies a further account as between himself and the State; and that the first account cannot honourably be settled without some reference to the second." The problem which presents itself to the thoughtful person is that caddying provides a living wage for a boy only, and that for one caddie who becomes a professional 100 are turned adrift at the beginning of manhood not only unfit, but disinclined, for work. The latter state of affairs is not disconnected with the fact that, according to the Agenda Club's investigation, even regular caddies are usefully employed for only 2½ hours five days a week, and are idle for the remaining time they are in attendance at the club, which is from about 9 a.m. till dusk. Earnings vary so much that at one time of the year they are insufficient to keep a caddie, at another are so great as to tempt him to gamble. Raw youths have to depend chiefly on tips for a living, are brought into contact with men of bad character who are confirmed loafers, and have little or no prospect of improving their position. The Agenda Club therefore recommend either that grown men alone should be employed or boys between the ages of 14 and 18 alone. If the former, either a living wage must be paid, or preference must be given to ex-soldiers or sailors in receipt of pensions. If the latter, proper environment and proper food should be secured for the boys, and steps should be taken to train them for after-employment. Other recommendations are most carefully and thoughtfully worked out.

* * *

If the caddie is a necessity, and we do not wish to discuss the question whether he is or is not, though we are inclined to think he is no more a necessity than a footman or a lap-dog, we should strongly advise the rejection of boys altogether, and the employment of ex-army men only. An ex-sailor generally manages to settle down to

* The Rough and the Fair Way. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

some suitable employment; large numbers of ex-army men become vagrants, find their way into the workhouse, or fall into the ranks of the unemployable. Moreover, in the army they are already accustomed to the hard swearing of choleric captains, and otherwise cannot be much more demoralised than their army life has made them, so that the life of a caddie is less likely to damage them than lads just fresh from school. And there ought to be a sufficient supply of ex-army men to staff all the golf clubs in the country.

* * *

"Child Labour in the City Streets" * proves that American experience of boy labour is, if possible, even worse than our own. The author, who is secretary of the National Child Labour Committee for Mississippi Valley, takes up the case of the newsboy, the boot-black, the peddler, discusses the conditions of their employment, and tabulates the results of street trading, showing its relation to crime. The hardest case of all is that of the street messengers, who in the United States are allowed to ply their occupation at night, with the result that in many cases they are mainly employed by the lowest and most disreputable characters in the worst part of the towns. Mr. Clopper is in favour of the kind of regulation which at the moment is being recommended by most European social workers. While we have every sympathy with the aim of the book, we are sorry to say that, like many other American works of this kind, it is diffuse, ill-arranged and lacking in clear constructive remedies for the evils denounced. Nobody in either Europe or America would now dare to defend the condition of things described in the book, but reformers must not merely wax indignant at social evils, but must show the rest of the community definite and immediately practicable ways to amend them.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

Special Notice to Correspondents.—Items of news for this column should be sent immediately after the event, and should reach the editor on Wednesday, except in the case of meetings held too late in the week to make this possible.

Birmingham.—On Sunday evening, January 5, the special New Year service in connection with the Guild of Kindness was held. The Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas gave an address on "The Life of Adventure and the Adventure of Life." After the service the Communion service was held, and was attended by 68 members and friends of the Guild.

Chowbent.—The following questions and answers appear in the January *Calendar*:—"What is the use of giving in one's name as a member of the congregation? You support what you find helpful to yourself, and what you feel must be good for others; you have in due time a vote in the choice of officers and in the business arrangements, and you become known to the minister as one of his congrega-

tion. How can I help the Sunday school? By attending myself, or by becoming a teacher, or by sending my children punctually and regularly to the school. How can I make use of the *Calendar*? By keeping it in some place where you can easily consult it, and by looking at it from time to time to see what is going on, and thinking how you can help things along. Anyone who wishes to add to the number of attenders at the Sunday services may best do so by taking several copies of the *Calendar* and giving them to friends and acquaintances who 'go nowhere,' and inviting such to come with them to chapel."

Lewes.—The congregation of Westgate Chapel have to mourn the loss of a fellow worshipper, Mr. E. Boshier, who died on December 28 last, in his 57th year, after a long illness.

Liscard.—At the Memorial Church, Liscard, on Sunday morning, the 5th inst., there was held the "Special Service of Dedication and Welcome into Church Fellowship," compiled by our own minister, and used as a portion of the morning service on the first Sunday of every year since 1906. On this occasion ten adults were received into our fellowship, and two young people, whose names were added to the junior roll. The inclement weather prevented others from being present, but after evening service four more names were added to the roll of church members and one to the junior roll.

Liverpool: The Mill-street Domestic Mission.—Our readers will be glad to hear of a proposed extension to these already capacious premises. The success of the Mill-street Company of the Boys' Own Brigade has in a measure been the cause of this. During the last year the company has held its meetings in the large hall upstairs, but the simultaneous movements of a number of boys in their various exercises has tried severely the strength of the floor and done some damage to the ceilings of the rooms beneath. It has therefore been deemed desirable that the boys should exercise on the ground floor, if a suitable room were available. At present there is a girls' gymnasium in a large room to the north of the chapel, having a firm and solid floor. It is proposed that the company should have the use of that room, and that the girls should have a room of equal size to be erected for their benefit overhead, and fitted up with all that they require. The new room will be separable into two or three divisions if required, and will be especially useful for Sunday school purposes. We congratulate the missionaries and all their fellow-workers on this important addition to their premises.

Luton.—On behalf of the South-Eastern Provincial Assembly Mr. E. Capleton addressed the Liberal Christian League (late Alpha Union) of this town on Tuesday last. His subject was "The Development of Liberal Christianity during the Nineteenth Century." He described the progress of thought in the churches in America, England, and Germany, and then spoke of the influence of philosophy, poetry, and science on the problems of religion. Liberal Christianity, he contended, had no creed, but was an attitude of mind and spirit which could welcome all truth-seeking while it held fast to the principle of redeeming love. After a short discussion a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the Provincial Assembly for their help and to the lecturer. The Adult School at Luton numbers about 1,000 members, women as well as men, and apparently includes all the religious liberal influences of the town.

Reports have reached us of successful Christmas and New Year festivities from Chowbent, Crewe, Framlingham, London (Islington), Newbury, and London (Stepney).

NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

CENTENARY OF SIR ISAAC PITMAN.

It is 100 years since Isaac Pitman, the inventor of a system of shorthand which is now almost universally used in England, was born at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. He was the son of an advanced educationist, and from his earliest years was a great lover of books, and a thorough and painstaking student. He studied some fifty shorthand systems before he invented the one which finally became associated with his name, but he found that they all "failed in the grand principle of giving a mark for every sound and never using it for any other." "Stenographic Sound Hand," published in 1837, was the first result of his arrival at the basic principle of what afterwards became his own system, and the author, then a school teacher, used to tramp from town to town in the holidays selling his books and lecturing on his mysterious craft. In some places—especially in Manchester, where he delivered four lectures at the Mechanics' Institute—he naturally met with a good deal of jealousy and opposition, but this in nowise daunted him, and he lived to see the triumph of "Pitman's Shorthand" over all other competitors.

* * *

Sir Isaac Pitman's chief energies were devoted in later life to the introduction of spelling reform, which is still in its infancy, and shows no signs of becoming rapidly popular. He was a man of prodigious industry who laboured to be useful to others with no idea of personal gain. That he did finally achieve fame and distinction was due to his devotion to a practical ideal which fitted in with the needs of his time, and was destined to have far-reaching results. He was a Swedenborgian (after having been a Wesleyan Methodist preacher), a teetotaler, a vegetarian, a non-smoker, and an active member of an "anti-mourning" society—in short, a man who had the courage of his opinions, and preserved his intellectual honesty and originality amid all the compromises and conventions of the age.

A MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT.

A fine appreciation of Mr. Palmer Newbould, a member of the Balkan Committee, who met his death last week while fighting for the Greeks near Janina, appears in the *Manchester Guardian* from the pen of Mr. A. MacCallum Scott, M.P. "He represented to me," says Mr. Scott, "the incarnate spirit of romance and chivalry, and courage and love of liberty. Ill-health could not break his spirit, failure could not daunt him, no traffic with the world could dim or tarnish his ideal. With a sublime absence of self-consciousness he was what Garibaldi was, and what Byron aspired to be. He made the sacrifice of his life not in obedience to any theory, or dogma, or mandate of

* Child Labour in the City Streets. By E. N. Clopper. Macmillan, 5s. 6d. net.

duty, but from sheer undiluted joy in fighting oppression. . . . He was, it seemed to me, the only real unadulterated Garibaldian I had ever met. Something in his spirit was kin to the Greeks, and now that Italy was free it became the consuming passion of his life, nursed throughout the dull round of the mechanical side of party politics [Mr. Newbould was a Liberal political agent], to see the whole Greek race freed from the thrall of the Turk.

* * *

"When war broke out in 1897 between Greece and Turkey he was one of the first of the Phil-Hellenes to volunteer for active service. Of his adventures in that disastrous campaign I know little, except that he was wounded, that he was reported dead, that he was afterwards "lionised" by the Greeks, who are nothing if not hero-worshippers themselves, and that he always retained many warm personal friends among them. When the war was over he returned to the more humdrum arena of party politics again, but he kept in close touch, through a multitude of correspondents, with the situation in the Near East. . . . Thenceforward he regarded his life as dedicated to one end. He awaited the day. The domestic ties that bind a man to home were not for him. He was a knight who had taken a monastic vow. In a letter which he wrote on the eve of the war he said, 'If I go, nobody here will know I'm going till I'm gone, as I don't want any ridiculous fuss over doing what I regard as the clear duty of any able-bodied bachelor with no one dependent on him, namely, to take a hand in all good causes.'"

EVENING PLAY CENTRES.

Once more Mrs. Humphry Ward is making her annual appeal through the columns of the *Times* for help for the Evening Play Centres. She puts her case strongly in the course of an interesting letter which can scarcely fail to meet with the response she so earnestly desires. In all some £1,000 was contributed to the fund in consequence of her appeal last year, "of which £450 went to extinguish the deficit on the year's working of 1911, and £250 was contributed by one donor to the establishment and maintenance for the ensuing year of the new centre in the Isle of Dogs, for which Mrs. Ward pleaded. "The rest—£400, in round figures—was placed to the credit of the general fund. But it will be necessary this coming year to raise in all £5,500, as against £700 seven years ago. There are now (1913) 20 centres, as against 18 in 1911, and the weekly attendances, which last winter reached 40,000, are this winter close upon or over 50,000. That the centres are efficiently managed the reports of the County Council inspector show. The children flock to them in greater crowds than ever; but they are also more amenable to discipline, gentler, more unselfish, more responsive; and of the many elder children who have passed out into the world it is pleasant to see boys and girls coming back to their centre, sometimes to give voluntary help, and sometimes just to report themselves and thank the superintendent for past kindness."

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PRINCIPAL:

Rev. S. H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

Applications for admission next October must be in the hands of the Clerical Secretary, the Rev. G. A. PAYNE, Heath View, Knutsford—from whom all particulars may be obtained—not later than February 1.

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" 19.—Rev. J. H. WEATHERALL, of Bolton.
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